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Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 1st. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 30th. ult.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
W. O'Leary Curtis for a quarter of an hour
between 1 & 2 p.m. E. O'Duffy and Pierce
Beasley for half an hour from 4. 15 p. m.
J. J. Buggy for half an hour between 7 & 8
p. m. Charles J. Kickham from 8 p. m. to
9. 15 p. m.

J. P. Connolly left Amiens St. by 9 a.m.
train for Belfast. R. I. C. informed.

M. J. O'Rahilly, E. O'Duffy, and George
Irvine in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson St. bet-
ween

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted

W. L. Winstone

Comm 12

Under Secretary

EP

1. 12. 15

Th

2/12

Chief

EP

2/12/15

ween 3 & 4 p. m.

J. J. Walsh and Gerald Griffin in
Police Courts during hearing of charge
against Patrick Dyer, Tubbercurry.

A Lecture on a "New method of teach-
ing modern languages" was delivered at the
Head Quarters of the Gaelic League ~~at~~ 25,
Parnell Sqr. at 8 p. m. by Revd. D. Toal,
C. C., Downpatrick. Those present in-
cluded John McNeill, M. J. O'Rahilly,
John T. Kelly, T. C., Hugh O'Hehir, Ger-
ald Griffin, E. O'Duffy and Pierce Beasley.

Attached are Copies of this week's
issue of The Hibernian and Honesty which as
usual contain notes of an anti-British
character.

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

The Hibernian

Incorporated with the
NATIONAL HIBERNIAN

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARENT BODY OF
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN IRELAND
IN ALLIANCE WITH THE A.O.H. IN AMERICA.

VOL. 2 No. 27. New Series

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

[With which is incorporated The National Hibernian]
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Offices:

Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

All literary communications must reach the Editor not later than the first post on Monday morning.

OPEN LETTER TO JOHN REDMOND

My Very Dear Sir—Your friends and admirers dub you the Leader of the Irish Race at home—and abroad. Ave Caesar! Living so much abroad, you have become permeated with British traditions, so much so that you are completely out of sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people. Was it not bred in the bone? You are of the breed of landlords; the uncle members of your family have been connected with the Army. One of them, I think, was a General. Repute has it that in the dark and evil days of '98 your forebears were on the side of the Sassenach. And your brother, William, of the sunburstry oratory in the days of the Boer War, at an early age, to show his martial ardour, donned the red of a militia officer, which, no doubt, qualifies him for the Captaincy now thrust upon him. You yourself had a good training for the leadership of the representatives of West Britain in the Talking Shop at Westminster. Owing to your achieving the position of a clerkship in the House of Commons, you must, while carrying out your arduous duties at the table of the House, have studied carefully the rules and regulations of that Assembly; noted with keen glance the niceties of debate, and having woven pictures in your mind's eye of the time that was to come when you, too, would rise in your place to catch the Speaker's eye. So it has turned out, and for a quarter of a century or so you have in conjunction with your colleagues revelled in an orgy of masterly inactivity. The Anglicising process begun in your early youth has developed so much that now you avow yourself an upholder of the Empire—the Empire which has devastated the population of your native country by scattering it to the four winds of the earth, and would now have the remnant of its manhood spill its blood on the Continent of Europe to save the bully of the world from ignominious defeat.

And now you have returned from the Western battle front, where you went at the command of your paymasters to delude the Irishmen fighting in the British ranks into the belief that the people of Ireland were at one with them in their endeavour to save the Empire, and that recruiting was proceeding apace at home so that the gaps made by the German hail of lead may

be filled. What a terminological inexactitude, due no doubt to your colossal ignorance of the trend of events in an island called Ireland. I wonder did you read in the "Daily Mail" a letter from a wounded soldier in a London hospital, who emphatically protests against your statement that "so far as the Western front is concerned Germany is beaten"? He hands it out to you, Mr. Redmond, in the following words, which are convincing and—to put it bluntly—give you the lie direct:—"This is a return to the spirit of reckless and dangerous cocksureness which has already nearly been our undoing. During the week Mr. Redmond was at the front both sides were devoting nearly all their energies to clearing the trenches of mud and water, and there was in some parts of the line a considerable slackening of hostilities in consequence."

What do you say to that, my dear sir? Will we later find out that the published statement that during your first afternoon at the front you actually fired a 9.2 gun, with the piously expressed wish that the projectile might hit somebody, is a figment of journalistic imagination? But I assume you did actually fire the gun—while the Germans were engaged, like their antagonists, in clearing their trenches of the accumulated mud and water. You were at the front—or the back?—as a non-combatant, a mere sightseer, and if you are the practical Catholic you claim to be you should know that if but one German were killed as the result of your firing the gun you are in the sight of God a murderer. Yes, Mr. Redmond, a murderer! Nasty word. And, moreover, the fact that you, a non-combatant, have broken the recognised rules of warfare, according to the published statements, in firing that 9.2 gun, the Germans will be perfectly justified, if ever they lay hands upon you, in treating you as a franc-tireur. You know what that means, I feel sure.

You have earned the encomiums of the "Daily Sketch" and the "Morning Post." The latter paper in its eulogy of you sapiently informs all and sundry that "Ireland enjoys the liberties and the prosperity of the British Empire. She is a partner in its privileges and franchises. Ireland has her place in the Union; Irishmen have their seats in the House of Commons and the House of Lords; they have their share in directing the policy of this Kingdom." If you endorse that statement, will you also endorse the same paper's avowal that the Home Rule Bill may never come into operation? The "Morning Post" has it in cold type. Its reason for saying so is:—"For the war has so upset our national finance and so clearly proved the advantages of unity of Governments that there is likely to be a change of sentiment on this question in both countries after the war." Now, Mr. Redmond, a straight answer, and no prevarication.

THE EDITOR

The Last Zeppelin Raid

German Account of the Damage

The "Belfast Evening Telegraph" says that the following report has been circulated by the German wireless stations:—

Telegram from Berlin to the Associated Press, New York:—It is learned from an authoritative military source that the Zeppelin bombardment of London on the 12th October was more tremendously effective than heretofore. The reported partial list of damage is as follows:—

London Docks effectively bombarded, also East Indian Docks, where a big warehouse was burnt.

The quay wall of the city of London Docks was damaged.

Several ships were hit, some of which were destroyed.

A cotton warehouse at the Victoria Docks was burned out.

The Tower of London and Lower Bridge were bombarded. St. George and Leman Streets suffered severely.

The City proper and the newspaper quarter also suffered heavily. The "Morning Post" building was damaged.

Heavy destruction in Chancery Lane, Liverpool Street, Moorgate Street, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and the Minories suffered.

Many houses were destroyed, in some places whole blocks.

The South-Western Bank was completely burnt out, Woolwich Arsenal was damaged, and some machinery destroyed.

A battery was silenced at Enfield.

The pumping station at Hampton was damaged.

Factories were burned at Croydon.

A battery of searchlights was bombarded at Kentish Town, and several factories were damaged at West Ham and East Ham.

The fire from a battery at Ipswich weakened greatly after a few bombs were dropped thereon. Twenty-six searchlights played on the Zeppelins and four aeroplanes attacked them.

No Zeppelin was damaged in any way, despite the continual firing, which showed that London is very well defended so far as the number of guns is concerned.

Verb. Sap.

A priest, who was called on by Lord Wimborne to enlist in the British Army, has written to the Press stating that it is against the laws of the Church for a priest to take part in an offensive war, or even in a defensive war, except in case of necessity. This will be news to some young Irishmen, who have been told by some of the recruiting priests that, if they were young men, they would shoulder a rifle, and join the Allies in the fight to keep "Christianity" from being destroyed by the Huns.

Martyrs' Celebration in Belfast

Father O'Flanagan's Eloquent Oration

The commemoration of the Manchester Martyrs anniversary was celebrated in West Belfast by a public meeting held in St. Mary's Hall, at which Mr. Denis M'Cullough, ex-felon, presided. Long before the appointed hour for the proceedings to commence the seating accommodation in the building was occupied, and those who were not punctual to time had to be contented with standing room. While the chairman was making a few introductory remarks a large contingent of Irish Volunteers armed with rifles, and accompanied by two bands and a considerable following, arrived. With difficulty the majority of them pushed their way in, says the "Belfast Telegraph," but had to be satisfied with standing wherever they could, as the building was packed in every part, including the balconies and the platform.

During the time that the crowds were collecting, an interesting episode occurred at the entrance door. A few police officials sought admission. They were, however, politely but firmly refused. Their disappointment at having to remain outside must have been accentuated by the fact that during the proceedings there were such vociferous outbursts of applause that the curiosity of the crowd on the street was greatly aroused as to what was happening inside.

It was a noteworthy feature of the proceedings that the policy of the official Nationalist Party was not popular among the audience, and this was fully manifested when a reference was made to Mr. John Redmond, whose name was greeted by a spontaneous outburst of derision and groans.

The principal speaker was the Rev. Father M. O'Flanagan, late of Cliffoey, County Sligo, who delivered a long address based on the text, "God Save Ireland," which, he stated, were the words that issued from the lips of the Manchester Martyrs as they died upon the scaffold. After a reference to these men, he detailed what Irish Nationality and Irish patriotism were, and went on to say that it was only righteous men who could make Ireland "a nation once again." "It was the people of Ireland," he declared, "who would set her free, and not the infallible leaders whose patriotism was only a pretence, and whose mistakes were measured by the number of votes of confidence which they spent their time in going through the country endeavouring to get. Those were not the men upon whom they could depend to free their land."

He referred to the meagre amount of money which, he said, was spent in Ireland out of the millions expended on the war, and was proceeding to criticise Mr. Redmond, but the moment the name was mentioned the audience broke into a storm of groans and boos, lasting for a considerable time. Having thus expressed their feelings, they allowed the speaker to continue. He recalled Mr. Redmond's speech made at a convention in Dublin, which the speaker sarcastically said, was held under the auspices of some organisation called the United Irish League. At that meeting Mr. Redmond had joyfully told his audience he was getting employment for 11,000 men at the making of munitions in Ireland—not one-third of the Irish emigrants for a year, remarked the speaker. The rev. gentleman then dramatically put the query to the audience:—Was the making of munitions the only realisation of the cherished hopes of the Irish nation for centuries? He ventured to say it was not. He wished the Irish leaders would take a few effective hints occasionally from the people of Ireland, instead of hypocritical votes of confidence.

He concluded with an impassioned appeal for them to support the men of true Irish patriotism, who were working to set Ireland free.

After the chairman had made an appeal for all true Nationalists to join the ranks of the Irish Volunteers, the meeting concluded with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

The Volunteers formed into processional order outside the hall, and headed by the bands, disappeared in the direction of the Falls Road district.

German Irish Brigade.

By devious ways the following has come to be inserted in "The Hibernian." It was taken from the "Catholic Herald" by the "Belfast Evening Telegraph," who gave it an alliterative caption, "Remarkable Regulations," so we present it to our readers:—

What is described as "the fullest evidence yet available of the plot to enrol Irish prisoners of war in a German-Irish Brigade" is published in the current issue of the "Catholic Herald." The papers relating to the plot are stated to have been smuggled home from Germany. They include a letter from an unnamed corporal of the Royal Irish Regiment, who was a prisoner at Lemberg. He describes the visit of Sir Roger Casement and an American priest, who sought to induce the Irish prisoners of war to form an Irish brigade. The rules proposed for the brigade were as follows:—

1. The Irish Brigade would be formed solely for the purpose of fighting for Ireland and securing for her national independence.
2. The Irish Brigade would not be paid by the German Government, but would be clothed and fed and receive such munitions of war necessary to aid them.
3. The Brigade whilst in Germany would be subject to German military law and discipline such as is applied to all armed men.
4. In the event of Germany gaining a big naval victory, the Brigade would be despatched to Ireland to help Irish Volunteers to drive English garrisons from that country.
5. If unable to effect a landing in Ireland, the Irish Brigade, if willing, would be sent to Egypt to help the Turks to drive the British garrisons from that country.
6. The Brigade would be officered by German officers until Irishmen sufficiently efficient took up that duty.

A series of questions were addressed to the men with the object of eliciting their nationality, religion, trade, etc., also their military experiences, the attitude of the people of Ireland towards the British Army, etc.

Division 86 (Clan-na-Gael), Dublin, offers many inducements, including doctor's attendance and medicine, mortality benefit, &c., at a weekly subscription of 3d. or 6d. from date of initiation. Apply for an Attestation Form to the Recording Secretary,

WM. TOBIN, The Hibernian Hall,
28 Nth. Frederick St., Dublin.

DIVISION REPORTS

Tralee—The following resolution was passed at last meeting:—"Resolved—That we condemn the cowardly attack by an English mob on intending Irish emigrants at Liverpool; that we also condemn the scurrilous article in the "Daily Sketch" attacking Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, and calling his Lordship a traitor to Ireland and a liar; that we trust all Catholics will in future give this vile English anti-Catholic paper no support." The Division is completing arrangements for the lecture to be delivered by Bro. Sean Milroy in Tralee on 5th December, and have secured the use of the spacious rink for the occasion. A full house is expected to give one of the latter day felons of our land a rousing reception. The members of the Division learned with distasteful surprise of the sentence of three months with hard labour imposed on Bro. John McGaleby by the local "Just-asses" under the Defence of the Realm Act, for an alleged statement which a soldier swore he made, but which three civilians and a sergeant of the R.M.F. (who was 13 months at the front), who were in his company at the time, swore he did not make. He has, however, been released on bail, as an appeal is pending.

London (Div. 40)—The fortnightly meeting was held at 56 High Street, Camden Town, N.W. Bro. J. B. Masterson (President) in the chair, supported by the V.P. (Bro. Good). Two Brothers were initiated and four proposed for membership. Correspondence was read from headquarters re affiliation fee; also the formation of a Ladies Division. Bro. Good reported that he had interviewed several Irish girls, and they were all eager to start a Division as soon as possible. The manly and spirited letter of Bishop O'Dwyer in defending the poor Irish emigrants was heartily applauded. After "The Hibernian" was supplied to the members the meeting closed in the usual manner.

THE COISTE BADHAR

PATRICK HOGAN

The mother herself that told me,
About the Coiste Bower;
How it stopped 'fore the house and waited
And May took the fits that hour.

"'Twas after twelve when I heard it,
An' I turned down the light,
For I thought 'twas drunken people,
An' it was a Saturday night.

"'Twas rolling and tumbling an' tearing—
I could not look out with fear,
But Maney started to call out,
'Mother come here—come here!'

"An' she said there's a hog in the corner
With an awful grin on her face,
While I went for the holy water,
A stick was put in her place.

"The doctor came an' her father
Wint for the priest next day;
'Twas well Father Tim then told me—
Her eyes are a bit too gay.

"She took the fits then often,
(God have mercy on Peter and Paul),
But I hated to lift an' feed her,
For 'twasn't May was in it at all."

*Pronounced Koishte bower. An expression always used by the country people on referring in any way to epileptic fits.

USE

"Green Cross Night Lights."
MANUFACTURED BY LALOR, LIMITED.

All communications regarding the formation of new Divisions, &c., should be addressed to John J. Scollan, National Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

More Bishop-Baiting

The pornographic "Daily Sketch" is once more endeavouring to belittle the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, whose courageous action in standing up for the rights of Irishmen to leave their native land when and where they choose is appreciated wherever his denunciatory letter of the Cunard Company's tyrannical methods has been read.

In the present instance the "Sketch" reprints a leading article from the "Morning Post"—a paper that had ever the interest of Ireland at heart, moryah—and it heads the paste-down with a double-column caption thusly:—"The Bishop of Limerick Censured. Why Irishmen Have Good Reason To Fight For The Sacred Cause of the Allies." As was to be expected, the "Post" opens its screed of vituperation by telling its readers that Mr. John Redmond, hot from the front, delivered a rousing address in the Queen's Hall, the object of the meeting being to get recruits for the London Irish Rifles. So far no one has heard how many of the Irish of London answered to the call at that meeting, but if Private Patrick McGill is to be believed, the London "Irish" contains but two Irishmen—himself and an officer—when they left the purlieus of Whitechapel for "somewhere in France." Reading between the lines of the navy poet's lucubration at the time it was penned, the obvious deduction was that the London Irish—so-called—consisted of bandy-legged, undersized Cockneys. And, of course, wind-bag Redmond has declared that, from what he saw in the firing line, the German should win. Even though he was some seven or eight miles behind, the mere fact of his having fired a gun has been sufficient to annihilate the German legions opposed to the British. Ergo, Redmond has answered the Bishop of Limerick. We don't think.

The "Sketch" declares that the "Morning Post" has well answered Dr. O'Dwyer. If it considers the following hogwash an answer it is entitled to its opinion, but our readers will smile hugely:—

"Irishmen who fight are not fighting for England but for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and for the British Empire.

"They are not fighting for an alien Government but for their own Government, not for an alien King but for their own King. They are not fighting for the liberty and existence of others, but their own. They are fighting for Ireland just as Scotsmen are fighting for Scotland, Welshmen for Wales, and Englishmen for England; all are fighting together, because the cause of one is the cause of all.

"We cannot blame the Irish people overmuch if they forget this, for it has never been explained to them"

For an explanation all the Irish have to do is to search the pages of their country's chequered history, and they will learn therefrom how the beneficent British Government ever laboured—to quote the "Post"—"to plant the Irish people in their own soil"! The London paper likewise takes the Rev. W. P. Burke under its wing, he who so tickled the ears of the groundlings at the Tipperary recruiting meeting. The "Post" says "Mr." Burke puts the case in a nutshell. Even in its reference to England's latest ally the venom is spewed. But it serves the Rev. "Mr." Burke right. Does that gentleman ever realise that he is enrolled under the banner of the Prince of Peace?

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AT DOYLE'S,
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THE VOICE OF THE MARTYRS.

In a nameless grave in an English jail
Their bones have turned to dust,
And Ireland's star is not yet risen,
The chains still round her rust;
Still doth she tread the path of sorrow
With few to 'ssuage her pain,
Yet hoping in her grief a brighter morrow
For her shall dawn again.

E'en tho' her friends be few, the bless'd
remembrance
Of those three broken lives
Shall give her strength to conquer all en-
cumbrance
And burst her blood-stained gyves;
Their grave shall be the patriot's inspira-
tion
When the battle trumpets' blare
A call to 'venge that bloody consummation
Now hidden darkly there.

In an English prison grave their bones are
lying
'Neath a cold grey English sky.
But their gallant souls to us are ever crying
To rise and do—or die—
To rise again and for a nation's glory,
To end a nation's thrall,
Or else, like them, in Freedom's battle
gory
To strike, and then to fall.

SEUMAS MACGOWAN.

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THE CONSCRIPTION SCARE

The Editor, "The Hibernian."

A Chara—With reference to the several resolutions passed by public bodies throughout Ireland, I beg of you to allow me space in your valuable journal to point out that resolutions are no use should the English Government of Ireland decide to enforce it. The means of resisting Conscription is by joining either the Irish Volunteers, the Irish Citizen Army, or the Hibernian Rifles. It is the rifle and bayonet, not the unarmed public bodies' resolutions, that will prevent Conscription. Join at once and fear not Conscription.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES F. RYAN.

Dublin.

MELINN TESTIMONIAL.

Division Secretaries are requested to note that this fund closed November 30th and that all outstanding moneys should be immediately forwarded to the proper quarters.

MRS. ROSSA WRITES IMPRESSIONS

Description of Visit to Hibernian Headquarters

Mrs. Mary J. O'Donovan Rossa is giving in the "Gaelic American" a description of her impressions during her visit to Ireland and the Capital in particular on the occasion of Rossa's last homecoming. In the last issue of our esteemed contemporary to hand, the writer speaks of the many priests staying at the Gresham Hotel, and remarks that the greater number had a kind word for the widow and daughter of O'Donovan Rossa, though they did not all share Fr. Michael O'Flanagan's advanced and fearless patriotism.

Mrs. Rossa goes on to say that the Bishop of Ross, "who honoured us by coming to sit at our table for awhile, while expressing much sympathy for us and much admiration of Rossa's character, impressed us with the idea that he was a Home Ruler, though he looked like a fighter. A tall, hale, spare athletic, ruddy-complexioned man, with strong features and a clear, bright eye. He underestimated the strength of the national spirit of Ireland, but he could not know that until a few days later, when the arrival of Rossa's body like a magnet brought the steel of the people's spirit to the surface, and it became plain to the world that Rossa and the majority of his countrymen and women had the same national ideals which Home Rule could never satisfy. It must have been a tremendous revelation to the rulers and the ruled as it was to us a joyful and triumphant assurance that the soul of the nation was sound, and we had not erred in our mode of testing it."

Having described her flying round the suburbs of Dublin and to Lucan, as also her round about way to Dundalk in an auto in order to cross the Boyne Water, Mrs. Rossa tells how on her visit to the Louth town the great Oireachtas All-Ireland Festival was in progress, and "we felt our hearts stirred to hear the martial music and see the bands of pipers in national costume parading over toe field of contest, the football and hurling competitions, and all the old familiar fair ground accompaniments of my happy early remembrance.

"It was only a momentary view, for we had to hurry back through the green misty country to be in time for a visit to the rooms of the American Alliance and the

Ladies Auxiliary, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in the Hibernian Hall, North Frederick Street, which we had promised to attend. Rev. Fr. Pollard and Mr. Cribben, whom Rossa and I had known in Cork, called at the Gresham with the invitation. I had been reluctant to accept it or any other invitation, for I craved only rest and seclusion, but it seemed churlish to refuse my presence to those kind, good friends who honoured me by wishing my attendance.

"I was very much pleased and somewhat overpowered by my reception. Eileen and I were made honorary members by the men, and after a little talk, reminiscent, and of the great event in hand, we were taken to the women's meeting-room, where my mother heart was fairly thrilled to meet all these dear young Irish girls, so modest, so sweet, so gentle and sensible and brave. The rumour of Rossa's change of heart in the London "Telegraph" had reached them, and I was asked to say a few words on the subject by National President Pender, but when I stood up they all cried out with one voice, 'We don't believe it! We don't believe it!' and got on their feet and remained standing for the time I addressed them, then they all had something kind to say to us. There was cordial hand shaking all round, and greatly cheered and strengthened by all I had

seen and heard, we bade them good-night."

Mrs. Rossa's description of the Countess Marckievicz is a happy one. Here it is:—"Then there is that picturesque and versatile lady, the Patron Saint, I call her, of the Fianna Boys—the Countess Marckievicz. Tall and fair, young and golden-haired, with bright blue eyes of soldier keenness, and wild-rose complexion, dashing and boyish, recklessly brave, yet appealingly feminine, an Irish girl of the Ascendancy," as she explained herself, married to a Polish Count who fights for Russia while she works for Ireland.

"She is devoted to the Fianna Boys, an officer of the Cumann na mBan, a writer, a speaker, an insatiable seeker for knowledge. I told her, laughingly, a few times she asked too many intricate questions, there must be a mistake in her nationality; she was like an American in her greed to be on the inside track of everything. She is very good tempered, which is lucky, as she is also said to be a capital shot. Filled with energy, restless, merely eating to live and dressing to be clad, but looking fine always nevertheless, she is certainly enthusiastic and loveable, and a striking character in the national life of Dublin today."

The honour paid to the remains of the dead patriot by the Irish of Liverpool deserves repetition. Mrs. Rossa says she was told by the men who accompanied the body that the stevedores at the Mersey port bore the case with bare, bowed heads from the American liner to the packet for Dublin. A company of Liverpool Irish Volunteers had proposed to do this duty, but they were not allowed inside the dock railings. Outside they knelt on the wet ground and recited the rosary while the transfer was in progress. Later they marched in Dublin to Glasnevin, a splendid sight.

Waterford and the New Imperialists

The New Imperialists, mentioned in "The Hibernian" a few weeks ago encountered a severe reverse when they brought up their "No Trial" Resolution at the Waterford Corporation. Captain Fitzgerald shook in the faces of his audience all the old scarecrows of German atrocities, German gold, devotion to Redmond, the just cause of the Allies, etc. He was assisted by an ex-Fenian, who has now descended to the low level of acting as a puppet of the Freemasons. The Mayor (Alderman Richard Power), who has the distinction of being the only Irish Mayor who has not stood on the recruiting platform, and who besides was a '48 man and friend of the Fenians, stood up to the Captain in masterful style. When a vote was taken the New Imperialists were found to consist of a motley group of slaves and knaves, seven persons all told.

Dermot MacMurrough, Strongbow, King John, King Richard, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Mountjoy, Oliver Cromwell, and several others tried to extinguish the love of Ireland in the hearts of the men of Waterford, but they all failed. Their names are held in abhorrence; while the names of Reginald, of O'Faolain, of Wadding, and Meagher, men who worked and suffered for Ireland, are an inspiration to the people to continue the struggle for liberty.

It is to be hoped that Captain Fitzgerald will return to well-merited obscurity and oblivion, along with the wretched gang of Junkies and under-strappers who have been the mean instruments of English tyranny in Ireland in the past.

All communications regarding the formation of new Divisions, &c., should be addressed to JOHN J. SCOLLAN, National Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

A Submarine Train.

An underwater freight train that makes it possible for a submarine torpedo boat to operate in hostile waters for an indefinite period has (says Mr. Frank Stockbridge in the "Popular Mechanics" Magazine) been devised by Simon Lake, an American inventor, who has designed and constructed submersible fighting craft for the navies of several of the European Powers.

Just now how many of these novel supply trains are in use, and by what nations, are military secrets. It has been pointed out by naval authorities that the German submarines which have been operating as commerce destroyers in the territorial waters of the British Isles must have some means of replenishing their supplies of fuel oil, fresh water, food, and ammunition without returning to a German naval base. Few, if any, submarines now in existence are known to have a cruising radius of more than 500 miles. German submarines operating in the Irish Sea and off the north-west coast of Scotland are at least 700 miles from the nearest German port.

By means of the submerged supply train, however, it is comparatively easy for a fighting submarine to obtain supplies at regular intervals with almost complete secrecy, for the transfer of stores of all kinds can be made under water. The only way the enemy could detect what was going on would be by observation from an aeroplane.

Two, three, or more submersible cars, cigar-shaped, water-tight, and fitted with buoyancy tanks inside, and wheels on the lower side, make up a submarine freight train. These cars have no propelling machinery nor quarters for crews, but are towed behind a self-propelling submarine, which may also be equipped for firing torpedoes.

Each of the towed cars contains compartments for fuel, oil, and fresh water, each with a hose connection on the outside of the hull, and a space for food supplies and ammunition in water-tight cases. This last-named compartment has a door opening outward, on the bottom of the circular hull near the keel. Transferring supplies from the towed cars to the towing craft or to an independent fighting submarine, is done on the bottom of the sea in shallow water.

Arrived at the rendezvous, which may be almost under the guns of the enemy's coast fortifications, and still be unsuspected, the submerged freight train comes to a halt on the bottom in 15 or 20 feet of water. Under the bow of the towing vessel is a door, opening downwards, leading into the sea from a compartment that is cut off from the rest of the craft's interior by airtight bulkheads. This diving lock is another feature developed by Mr. Lake, and used on nearly all his submarines. In shallow water it is not difficult to maintain, inside of this lock, either from compressed air tanks or by the direct action of a pump, an air pressure that will balance the external water pressure and keep the inside dry, even with the door wide open. The diving compartment, in fact, is practically a travelling diving bell. It is large enough to hold two men, one to aid the diver, the other in diving armour, being free to walk along the sea bottom and unload the tow boats. Oil and water are transferred to the waiting submarine through pipes. To get at the stores in the air-tight compartment, the diver opens the door from outside. Air pressure from the pumps of the towing vessel keeps the water out, and the interior is lighted by electricity, conveyed from the storage battery of the main craft. Food in tins, cartridges for rifles and machine-guns, even torpedoes, may be transferred in this way from one vessel to another without so much as a ripple on the surface, indicating to an observer on shore or on a hostile ship that anything unusual is going on.

Canada and the War.

Views of the French Canadian Nationalists

The "New York Herald" of the 8th November, 1915, contains an interesting article on recruiting in Canada. After showing that, owing to employment being plentiful, and the disinclination to fight for "Catholic" France being general, the response of French-Canadian was very poor, the writer continues:—A well-known leader of the French-Canadian race, prominent in the affairs of the dominion, said to me: "Back of all this lukewarmness is the nationalistic doctrine, which has a strong hold upon the young men of Quebec." So I asked Armand La Vergne, "What is the nationalistic doctrine?"

Mr. La Vergne is a brilliant lawyer, a member of the Quebec Legislature, a former member of the Dominion House of Commons, the commander of the Montmagny Rifles of the Dominion militia with the rank of colonel. Recently he was offered by Major-General Sam Hughes the command of a new battalion to be raised in Quebec for service at the front. His letter declining the proffer has created a good deal of stir throughout the country and he has been sharply criticised for it, some newspapers going to the length of demanding that the government punish him as a traitor on the ground that his influence is being exerted against recruiting.

"It is simple enough," said Mr. La Vergne. "Nationalism means Canada—Canada spelled in large capital letters. We hold that the loyalty of Canadians is to Canada and does not extend beyond the borders of Canada. We should be ready to fight, and every man of us would be ready to fight in defence of Canada, but it is no part of the duty of Canada or its government to take part in Great Britain's wars, and it is certainly no disloyalty to Canada to say so. I have declined to ask Canadians to take part in a war that is not for the defence of Canada. I cannot see otherwise than that it is unwise, to say the least of it, to place Canada in danger in a war over which we have not had, have not now and never will have any control. It is not for us to defend England."

What the future may bring he would not discuss. But when I suggested conscription—"O, course, they would not attempt that," he said quickly. That was all.

RESIGNATION.

I raised the goblet filled with gall,
And drained it.
I raised the brimming goblet nigh,
Then Heaven was far and Hell was high,
And no one answered to my call
To share it.

I felt the spasms in my soul
And love them.
I trembled like an autumn leaf,
I withered like a harvest sheaf,
I saw the Judge the script unroll
In sorrow's forum.

But now has come the evening's calm,
Past noon and morn;
The sufferings to my soul are balm
That she has borne.
The fiercest gale of life is o'er,
The goblet now can hold no more;
This head will, free from thorn or balm,
Soon sleep 'neath clover.

PATRICK HOGAN.

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Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., on Patriotism.

Patriotism is a human virtue. It is the love of fatherland that binds men to staunch loyalty in time of peace and to heroic fortitude in time of war. You remember Horace: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Patriotism is much more, divinely more. It is a supernatural virtue. It is grouped by theologians with other kindred virtues under the general virtue "Pietas." Now, "Pietas" is not rightly rendered by the English word "Piety." "Piety" seems to mean constancy in fervent prayer or holy practice. "Pietas" means something deeper, wider, higher, nobler. It means the cause from which these others come, the fount from which they flow. It means our reverential love of Our Father in Heaven. It also means the tender esteem and warm affection which make of home a true, although passing and imperfect, likeness of the eternal and perfect Paradise to come. It further means the chivalrous honour and devoted enthusiasm for the cradle of his race, for the grave of his forefathers, for the dwelling-place of the brothers of his blood, or the home of his cherished memories, of his most close friendships, of his most sacred aspirations, which nature has set and which grace has blessed within every noble human heart. Even our Irish Faith itself is redolent with the fragrance of the green grass of our fields, of the hardy heather of our mountains, and of the invigorating brine of our seas. Now, St. Thomas of Aquin, the greatest of theologians, reminds us that it is an heroic act of charity to sacrifice one's life for another's sake in fitting circumstance and for a right cause. For this he quotes these words of Our Lord—"Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." Hence St. Thomas points out that much more is it an heroic act of charity to die for one's country in a just war. It is in a sense a baptism of blood, a martyrdom for the sacred cause of Fatherland.

From sermon preached at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, 12th November, 1915.

Scathing Sarcasm, Some

In a trenchant leading article, the "Gaelic American" scarifies Roosevelt and Be'oc as follows:—

Through the columns of the New York "Sun" General J. L. Garvin, who is one of the ablest Newspaper Strategists of the British Army, invited Theodore Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of the American Know-nothings, to go to London to co-operate with him in the final annihilation of the Germans. The English Editorial Generals have done wonderful things. General Hilaire Belloc, the Chief Newspaper Strategist, has killed more Teutons by unanswerable statistics than have been in the field since the outbreak of the war, while General Roosevelt has put more than half the human race in the Ananias Club since the gallant coloured regiment saved him from capture by the Spaniards at Guasimas.

General Garvin hopes that a combination between the magic Franco-British Figurer and the great American Blowhard will give the Kaiser the Kai-Baush and enable the Allied armies to capture Berlin some time before the end of the present century, or not later than Tibb's Eve. The two victorious Generals would make their triumphal entry into the German capital with Emperor William tied to their horses' tails and with Joffre, Sir John French, and Grand Duke Nicholas relegated to becoming minor places.

It is understood, however, that General Roosevelt will decline the invitation, believing that he can render much better ser-

vice to King George by remaining on this side of the Atlantic until after the Presidential election, waging a vigorous campaign, with his mouth, against the Hyphens, who are the chief menace to His Majesty's interests in this country, and to the final re-incorporation of the United States in the British Empire. It is also hinted that the great Anti-Hyphen leader—who has seventeen different kinds of Hyphens in his own make up—fears that during his absence Woodrow Wilson—who has only three Hyphens in his—might possibly oust him from the leadership of the Nativists, and that the Pope might steal a march on him. With the help of the Units and the new renegade Irish and Belgian leaders of the Knights of Columbus, who have already rendered such splendid service to the cause of Know-nothingism, the gallant Rough Rider hopes to effect a combination that will ensure the final triumph of the Anglomaniacs and destroy the last remnant of Papal influence on the American Continent. And he does not despair of eventually putting the Pope in the Ananias Club and erecting a statue to Oliver Cromwell in front of the National Capitol in Washington.

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

XI.

Towards the end of my term in Mountjoy there crept in a rumour that the Dublin Corporation was up in arms assailing Mr. Birrell with protests, denunciations, and demands over the prosecutions under the Defence of the Realm Act. Another rumour I heard was that Mr. Joseph Devlin had had a lucid political moment, and was heatedly castigating the Realm Defenders, which latter rumour, however, I have since learned was totally erroneous and libellous on that Imperial recruiter, who in this connection can say, without any fear of contradiction, that he and the most ardent of pro-Realmites are two souls with a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. But these rumours about the Dublin Corporation perturbed and annoyed me. I was apprehensive lest they should give the Castle the chance of playing the dodge of "Leniency," and of posturing as the home of malignant benevolence.

John Bull's greatest pride of soul is that he is the beau-ideal of sportsmen. It is an unwritten law of that generous fraternity that there should be no hitting below the belt. Now hitting below the belt is the great secret of success of English rulers of Ireland. It is exalted almost to an altitude of divine reverence with them. I am not writing with a view to convince John Bull or his satellites here that they are wrong in that regard. I would not for all the millions of hard cash that Sean Buide has plundered from Ireland deprive him of the consolation which his veneration of this peculiar ideal affords. I only point out this as indicating a fact, a monstrously substantial fact in the political economy of the Pale. John Bull not only hits below the belt in his dealings with Ireland, but claims such to be his exclusive right. That is his sacrosanct political monopoly. I feared that these efforts to secure the release of the Realm Act felons would obscure the exhilarating spectacle of his vigorous onslaughts in this connection. Oh, excellent Britannie performance—is hitting below the belt. Only let it be witnessed and understood by the people and we advance with sturdy strides to political sanity in our befuddled jungle of Irish politics, where the Bastille protrudes as "civilisation's" climax. I had gone to jail for a specific purpose—to demonstrate that the propagation of Irish nationalism as understood and preached by Mitchel and Rossa, and other true men, was still repugnant and abhorrant to the English Government in Ireland, and that the avowal of such to-day would still meet the same resentment and brigand-bred treatment. The people of Ireland had had dinned into their ears by paid mercenaries of England masquading as a Patriot Parliamentary Party the fallacy that the attitude of the English Government had changed—that it had accepted Irish nationalism—that it had no longer a sinister motive in its Irish policy, and that its dearest wish was to see the age-long desire of Irish patriots for a happy progressive Ireland realised.

Entertaining, as I did, an utter and wholehearted disbelief in such Castle-inspired but plausible doctrines, I decided to put them to the test, and on such occasions as offered I candidly did unreservedly stated my views that such was not the case, that Irish nationalism and Irish freedom were things dreaded by the Empire's advocates to-day, no less than when their predecessors sent Emmet to the scaffold, Mitchel to the convict-ship, and Rossa to a living death. I put forward the theory that the Empire was not essential to Ireland's existence, that, on the contrary, history and contemporary events proved it to be a burden and a menace to Ireland's well-being,

and that Ireland would be well rid of it. The sequel was what I had expected. I found myself in jail; but in sending me there for expressing these opinions the Castle proved my point of view to be the correct one, viz., that the Empire has not accepted the fact of the Irish nation, but is utterly and irreconcilably hostile to it.

My hope was that the moral of the transaction would be obvious enough for every man and woman in Ireland to read aright. Therefore, when I heard the rumours that there were steps afoot to ask for the release of the other "felons" and myself, I was apprehensive that the gain achieved by thus compelling the English Government to show its hand would be nullified, and I am glad that there was sufficient stupidity in the Castle to prevent them taking this opportunity to pose as kindly, indulgent liberators of mislead irresponsibles.

The periods in the relations of England with Ireland, when the former has been most successful, have not been those when it drew the naked sword. These have been the times of the greatest jeopardy to English rule. The periods when its grasp on the throat of Ireland were least disturbed were when it was able to figure as the benevolent if somewhat predominant partner. Then, could the mask of constitutional government be worn. Then could the process of befooling the Irish into petitioning for reforms and concessions, instead of demanding national rights, flourish apace. But get Ireland into the temper of national sanity, asserting that England has no moral right to curb or hamper Irish affairs, and then—away goes the mask and the soft sawder, and deluding speech, and the naked sword and the military despotism of England's rule stands revealed. The institutions which our rulers have improvised for "civilising" the unruly Irish have been wonderfully varied and numerous. Perhaps the one which has had lavished upon its development and perfection the greatest care, the minutest elaboration and the most incessant flow of British genius, is the machinery for felonising, by which to degrade and extirpate those who stand for and by an Irish nation. The deportation warrant of General Friend is the lineal successor to the sword of Cromwell. The Mountjoy Bastille is the up-to-date evolution of the Riding School of Beresford, the Newgate of SIRR and Castlereagh. The study of "jailing made easy" is the first essential and groundwork of British statesmen in Ireland, and there have been few of these gentry who have not bettered the instruction of their predecessors. I have mentioned the case of Napper Tandy. There you had real sound British statesmanship. The genuine article for tackling an Irishman who declined to bow the knee to that corpulent goddess, Britannia. You have it evidenced again in the case of Rossa, in the case of John Mandevill in '88, and as a testimony of the truth that it is still a virile potential asset of the Pale, we have it to-day in the case of Desmond Fitzgerald, and the other men of Ireland who think that this country was destined by nature to be the home and not the grave of a free Irish nation. As I write there is a placard displayed in the streets of Dublin, issued from the Castle organ's offices in Princes Street, which reads thus: "Germany treats prisoners of war like criminals." Singular announcement truly. Can it be possible that the Huns are rising to the height of British civilisation, and copying the penal methods of Britannia? For what are the Realm felons if not prisoners of war? War between the Pale and the Gael? And even the resources of the kingdom of Anannias, of which Princes Street is the capital, are unequal to proving that they are treated

other than as criminals—criminals of the lowest and most degraded species.

Jog thy memory, oh Princes Street! Look up thy files and confess thyself a consummate hypocrite. Turn, oh heir to the perquisites and traditions of the Sham Squire, to thy issue of July 12th, 1889, and read what thou did then write concerning certain English jailors in Ireland, who posed at the International Congress on prison discipline as advocates of a humane and rational system of prison treatment. Thus then scribbled thy pen, but me-thinks the Castle subsidy must have at that period been withheld, else how could you thus rend your paymasters:—"Was there ever a more representative opinion expressed against the enforced association of different classes of prisoners, or of offenders whose moral guilt differs in degree or in substance. The whole system of common degradation denounced at an International Congress by representatives of Great Britain and Ireland, all the Powers of Europe and the United States of America! And yet, in the face of all this, Lord Carnarvon, the President of the Congress which passed the resolution in question, can support a Government whose every act in connection with prison discipline is a direct violation of the very principles embodied in the international resolution to which he assented. And Lord Aberdare, Mr. Bruce that was, having swallowed at a gulp the Liberal opinion which characterised him some short five years ago, thinks very little of accepting the Chairmanship of a Committee of Inquiry into prison discipline, forced by the terms of the letter of instruction defining the scope of its inquiry, to disregard absolutely the principle of classification. But, worst of all, Mr. Charles Burke can find it compatible with his ideas of consistency, to be the principal administrator of a noxious prison system, the chief characteristics of which has been the confounding of the illegal with the criminal, of moral guilt with infringement of temporary regulation; the common degradation of the patriot and the criminal—practices all strongly, directly, and diametrically opposed to the letter and the spirit of the conclusion or recommendation, in which he, the present chairman, of the General Prisons Board or Ireland, acquiesced, as a member of the International Prison Congress of 1872."

Thus, oh Squire of the Shams, did you write in 1889. Where is thy pen to-day to lash and lacerate the successors to Lord Carnarvon and Lord Aberdare who run the same hypocritical course. Where, oh where? Ah, subsidies! Castle subsidies! how mysterious and potent are your powers of silencing.

It might be, perhaps, instructively interesting to trace the evolution of England's felonising machinery in Ireland, which finds its modern expression in Mountjoy—hard labour and association with common criminals. I have not space, however, to do that here, but a few references to some of its various stages will be helpful. O'Connell was in the eye of the law a criminal, judging by the extent of his sentence, a criminal of at least four times greater iniquity than myself. His sentence was twelve months imprisonment, pay the enormous fine of two thousand pounds, and find security in ten thousand pounds to be of good behaviour for seven years. As Dr. Sigerson wrote: "In legal judgment he was a criminal of deep dye, caught and convicted after a long defiance of the law. Criminals also were his fellow-conspirators and accomplices, Messrs. John O'Connell, Grey, Duffy, Steele, Barrett and Ray." And yet these criminals were treated much in the same lenient fashion as Cobbet and Leigh Hunt. Duffy continued to edit the "Nation," and John O'Connell and Ray contributed to it. Duffy and Gray took lessons in elocution, practised the art of fencing, and had horses in the yard to ride.

"The Governor and Deputy Governor," says Duffy, "were authorised to sublet their houses and gardens to the State prisoners. Members of Mr. O'Connell's family, and of

the families of the other prisoners, came to reside with them. They employed their own servants; from the first day presents of venison, game, fish, fruit and the like, began to arrive, and after a little they found themselves established in a pleasant country house, situated in the midst of extensive grounds, bright with fair women and the gambols of children, and furnished with abundant means either for study or amusement.

"Our immediate political associates came every day, and the dinner-table was never set for less than thirty persons. O'Connell was a genial and attentive host, full of anecdote and bandiage, while the ladies remained; and ready when they withdrew for serious political conference or the pleasant carte and tierci of friendly controversy. A weekly bulletin was read in the Repeal Association from Richmond Prison, which by degrees grew into something like a brief review of the political affairs of the week."

Again in the case of Meagher, O'Brien, O'Doherty and M'Manus, a similar latitude was allowed while they were held in custody. But this was in the days when the British Providence was only experimenting in her jail system. In '65 the great civilising, felonising soul of Britannia woke with a start to the fact that this would never do. Irish nationalism was not subdued or extinguished by such kid-glove methods, and a great departure from such ensued. The leaders of the Fenian movement of 1865 were forced to undergo the same fate as common felons. Britannia had at length hit on the expedient which seemed to fit her purpose, and which with divers embellishments she still retains to-day as her great instrument of effecting the final conquest of Ireland (Perhaps).

(To be continued).

"REBEL" DUBLIN

If Emmet were murdered to-day would "rebel" Dublin quiver through and through with rage and grief, and give birth to sighs and tears and fierce mutterings? Ay. Would it slay his slayer, or dare destruction in a noble endeavour?

When he was murdered Dublin gathered to the murder-scene. It wept and laughed, and cursed, and prayed. Neither the flames of Hell, nor the lightnings of Heaven harkened to the whimpering slaves who looked on.

He did not want to die. He was sure that they would not let him die thus. They had told him they were rebels. Perhaps they believed themselves; but Emmet might have stood there repeating that sad "not yet" till doomday, and the "bemel" would still have looked on, and cursed and cried and besought. They could have saved him; kept him on earth to do great things for Ireland in some future time, but "rebel" Dublin was afraid. It was a dastard.

Why did not the angels in man—for surely man has an angel chained up in him to set-off the devil, an angel that appears once or twice in a dreary century, like Emmet's angel, in an effort to do a noble thing—break loose, and if powerless to prevent the deed, seek vengeance. Me-seems that their angels like to ours, were so satisfied with their angelic nobility that they slept and dreamt of it, and even the devils, having gnawed the fragile links of the restraining chains, withered away in vain effort to rouse men to do something even diabolic.

"Rebel" Dublin was not heroic. It failed to be diabolic. It damned itself before God and man. It made pikes, and procured guns and powder and shot. "Rebel" Dublin piked the humane Kilwarden, and then it murdered Emmet and the few Owen Kirwans who were true rebels.

At a later time Ireland starved. The people fought death with grass and nettles amid the mockeries of Imperial fiends.

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"Rebel" Dublin was calm and lamb-like and did not even bleat, when Mitchel, the possible saviour was kidnapped, and condemned to rot in a festering convictdom. "Rebel" Dublin still mourns the gallant broken hearts it helped to break.

There was a morning in Manchester. A thick fog-cloak enwrapped the city. Not a gleam of the winter sun broke through from the sky. The air was dank and chill. The streets were thronged. The people went towards one place—Salford Gaol. A mob had gathered there in the night, and racked the night-stillness with hideous voices. Inside men prayed, and angels bore their prayers to God. Outside were curses, and the shrieking of obscene dittys, and Hell was joyous. Three souls sought Heaven. England's ruffian mob avowed alliance with the demons. They howled through that long last night till stern morning came.

The grey mist hung curtain-like as through to screen the murder-scene from God. "Lord Jesus have mercy on us!" Three voices rose. "Lord Jesus have mercy on us!" The sweet name, misused, outraged by the English mob, pealed upwards from the lips of the pale-checked boy-martyr and his companions. "Lord Jesus have mercy on us!" Three souls leapt forth to God's throne, and three dead bodies dangled at the rope ends.

These men were rebels. They had something to do. They did it, and terrified England. They died, not in drivelling, famine-idiocy; nor at home in their beds, tortured by the memories of murdered men who had relied on their promises and rebel boasts, and found them wanting at the supreme hour. They died calmly, in the knowledge that they had succeeded, had struck a blow of greater worth to Ireland than a century of fine, logical, sensible talk.

"Rebel" Dublin again wept and prayed and cursed, and walked in procession, having first determined whether it might do so without affronting that sacred English product called Law; and finally it wrote dog-geral verse in their memory. "Rebel" Dublin did not dare follow up their paralysing blow by another and another. Ah no, that would have been rebellion, and Irish rebels must never rebel. Their rebellion might fail. 'Tis the fashion to have the

leaders hanged or banished; then Dublin sinks down into troubled sleep, till again racked by the hideous nightmare of pseudo rebellion.

We who live in Dublin to-day name Dublin "rebel." Some of us pen glowing pictures of it, and glory in the alleged fact. Yes, Dublin is "rebel." Nearly a half-million of people exist here. 2,000 poorly armed, ill-equipped Volunteers parade. These are inferior grade "rebels." The remaining "rebels" the great mass, are of such a divine nature that they need not shoulder guns, or strive to march in ordered ranks. They have quantities of lightning-stored up in their homes for England's destruction; and when they take the field Heaven will rain down Manna to sustain them.

Dublin is "rebel." We attend at concerts and cheer exultantly the singing of "treason" songs, though the singer has sung "Rule Britannia" the preceding night at a Castle gathering. We smash the Defence of the Realm Act in smithereens when we may 'o so in safety, and applaud the expression of anti-British sentiment. We appear at "recruiting meetings" and when the misrepresentative of Law seems to not mind us, we yell something at the speakers, or hiss or booh; but if the Cos-sack or the G-man approaches we are dumb and dare not speak. We go to West-British theatres. Perhaps we think the rebellion will break out there. Brussels-like.

We do all these things, and we call Dublin "rebel." The word must own a peculiar meaning in Ireland. Elsewhere it means "one who rebels." Dublin has not rebelled, is not likely to rebel, except on paper. Dublin is too respectable, too peace-loving, too timid to search the dictionary for the meaning of this word it fondles so lovingly.

Let Dublin weigh the meaning of this name "Rebel"; and then methinks there are some who will discard it, and surely some who will establish their right to wear it.

BRIAN FAGAN.

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

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THE R.I.C. AND THE EMIGRANTS WAS IT A PLOT?

The R.I.C. in some parts of Ireland have absorbed all the functions—administrative and executive—of the British Parliament. They have declared Conscription to be in active operation.

In at least one remote district in Ireland, far from daily newspapers and from authentic information as to happenings in the exterior world, the local members of the R.I.C. declared to the people of the countryside that Conscription was to be put into immediate operation. The result was that several young men of the district hastily gathered their little effects together and, assisted by their relatives, booked their passages to America on the Cunard steamer, the Saxonia. We know the sequel. The guileless youths were amongst the Irish emigrants who received such a chivalrous reception at the hands of an English mob of "eligibles" at Liverpool a few weeks back.

Bully for the R.I.C.!

We are hot on the trail of further information in regard to this infamous conspiracy, which, we believe has broken out in more districts than the one to which we have alluded. It

is a matter of common knowledge that at the time of the National Registration Act (which was not applicable in this country) the various police forces in Ireland did their utmost, by misrepresentation and intimidation, to stampede Irishmen into filling up the forms they distributed. In this matter, they admittedly outstepped their duties, and it is equally clear that certain zealous and original-minded officers of the R.I.C. stretched the precedent a step further in regard to the alleged application of Conscription.

Let her sons be the victims of muddlers at the Dardanelles or the peg on which John Redmond hangs a recruiting speech in Flanders, Ireland is still the Ireland hated by Dublin Castle. Let Balfour's coercive regime give way to Birrell's cloying embraces, let Tory bullying be replaced by Liberal intrigue, Dublin Castle will still continue to perform the fell function for which it was founded—to crush Irish Nationality by any means except fair means.

This Saxonia incident bears every indication of being the carefully-planned plot of Dublin Castledom. Dublin Castle was always cowardly—and only from such coward mainsprings could a plot be promoted which selected the most guileless and simple-minded section of the Irish people as the victims of its duplicity. But Dublin Castle miscalculated the probable effect of its double-dealing. It hoped to drive these innocent boys into the Army under the stress of sheer terror. The R.I.C. tools stated that their army pay under Conscription would be nil, and that their pay for voluntary enlistment would be much more than these youths could have earned on their farms. The thirty pieces of silver were nakedly and indecently toyed with before their very eyes—but Dublin Castle lost.

Yes! It had forgotten Irish Nationality. It had forgotten that these boys had, through the

uneducated but trustworthy medium of local tradition and folk-lore, derived certain lessons from their country's history, and formed certain stonewall convictions which could not be shaken by either persuasion or threats, or both combined. England was not their country's friend, never had been, and never would be until the crack of Doom had wrought the final dissolution of all things mortal. Her battles were not Ireland's battles—her enemies had inflicted no wrong on Ireland. They would take no part in her war—they would leave their native homes first, if necessary, for ever—these boys of whom many had never spent a day from home in the whole of their lives.

The thirty pieces of silver jingled in vain.

They were ignorant, uneducated, foolish, if you will, but they were genuinely Irish. And they are here with us yet. Their little trip to Liverpool has widened their experience of England and English ways. It has confirmed their old dimly-conceived impressions as regards England. It has strengthened their conviction and strengthened their purpose as to Ireland's—and England's—future. The R.I.C. did not achieve what it set out to do, in their case. The Castle Plot, in the panic-stricken eleventh hour, took a startling and unwe'come ramification. It had not built on frightening the boys out of the country, and when it found them en route for Liverpool, the Saxonia strike was hastily concocted. It never took a more ill-advised step towards the achievement of its evil designs against Irish Nationality—it never took a step more pregnant of hope for the future of Irish Nationality.

REDMOND'S NEW ROLE.

When Lord St. Davids, an outspoken British peer, made an attack recently on the Headquarters Staff of the British Army in Flanders, he did not mince his words. He alleged that the officers at Headquarters were "leading idle and vicious lives."

True-blue British indignation nearly swelled itself to bursting point at the insult thus offered to the heads of the Army. But it remained for an Irishman to make the first authoritative and presumably credible pronouncement on the matter. "That is a lie," said Mr. John Redmond in London, after his cheap excursion to the front. "These officers work from early morning to late at night. They are the hardest worked men I ever met."

The circumstances under which Mr. Redmond made this momentous pronouncement are worth considering. It was at a meeting at

Queen's Hall, London, held for the purpose of obtaining recruits for the London Irish Rifles—which regiment is, in a large proportion, of Orange extraction. Redmond had at last answered the taunt of his Tory and Orange critics. He "took the flure" at a recruiting meeting for the first time. He did not choose to exert his self-constituted prerogative as the leader of the Irish race and deliver his initial recruiting stump on Irish soil. He did not dare. Neither did he even choose a Nationalist assemblage as the auditory before which to make his debut. Instead, he selected that element of the Irish people which in former years he was vehement in denouncing as Ireland's greatest foes—the Loyal Orange Garrison. Verily, Redmond has gone to the dogs.

But we will return to Lord St. Davids' allegations. Can we seriously expect that Redmond under such circumstances, could act otherwise than he did in giving the lie direct to the statements made about the Headquarters Staff of the British Army, whether these statements were true or false. He was at Queen's Hall for recruiting purposes. He could not obtain recruits by lending countenance to the stories of official dissoluteness and vice which could obviously only result in the frittering away of human lives—Irish lives. Even ultra-loyal Orangemen would refuse to join the colours with the knowledge that their blood might be uselessly spilt merely because the officers had overslept themselves in the morning after a night of debauchery.

One other performance of Mr. Redmond's at Queen's Hall deserves a little passing notice. "Let Irishmen spill their blood together in the trenches," quoth Mr. Redmond, "and no power on earth can induce them, when they come home, to turn as enemies upon one another." This dramatic sentence—promulgated for the benefit of his Orange hearers—has a fitting anticlimax in the almost contemporaneous prediction of the London "Morning Post"—"The Home Rule Bill may never come into active operation." Where stands Mr. Redmond then? If Ireland gets Home Rule, "Ulster" knows what it is going to do, and has given definite proof of its intentions to all concerned. If Ireland doesn't get Home Rule, as seems most likely, Mr. Redmond's National Volunteers are equally prepared to grapple with the situation thus created. And the situation which Redmond's wobbling and Carson steadfastness has created in Ireland is one that can only be solved in Irish blood if it continues to develop on its present lines.

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A PUZZLE.

The ways of the West Briton were always dark and mysterious, and never more so than in connection with the present war on behalf of humanity, right, justice, peace, freedom, civilisation, and small nationalities. An instance of these dark ways came under my notice lately, which seems to me worthy of publicity. Here it is.

In a small town not very much more than a hundred miles from the metropolis, there is a lawn-tennis club. Its members are, with scarcely an exception, West Britons. A while ago they thought to give a dance, as a pleasant manner of winding up their summer season. The promoters of the project made arrangements, fixed a date, fixed subscriptions. All seemed going well, till it suddenly came out that the plan was all off—had died of unpopularity. At this awful crisis of the Empire's fate, when her sons are dying by thousands in the trenches, when her gold is being poured out like water, when our country's very existence is menaced by the ruthless Huns, and she is, in a manner of speaking, bleeding to death, members of the tennis-club could not be found sufficiently frivolous and unpatriotic to dance and eat supper in the face of England's agony.

So far as the women and the men of forty and upwards are concerned, this seems a very proper feeling. The women have also done their duty by helping to clothe the British Army, and by zealously selling Belgian and Italian flags in the streets and public buildings. But what about the men of military age? There are at least twenty of them in the club, all apparently physically fit, and so far only one of them has made up his mind to go to the assistance of the Empire. Hundreds of poor men from the town have gone to swell the armies of the kind Power which has guarded Ireland for centuries with more than a mother's care, but these young West British gentlemen prefer to stay at home. They can deny themselves an evening's pleasure out of sympathy for their adopted country, but they will not join the colours. How is this?

If they maintained an attitude of callous indifference to the Empire's fate, and danced and made merry as usual, their conduct would be intelligible and reasonable, however shocking. But when they show so plainly where their sympathies are, and yet make no move towards the recruiting office, what are we to think? How can they justify themselves before the passionate appeals that meet them at every street-corner to Obey That Impulse Now, to Follow Private Gwynne's Example if You are a Decent Irishman, to maintain the Empire's Dominion over Palm and Pine, to Avenge the Lusitania?

Is it that they are all too proud to enlist in

the ranks? Or is it that the appeal of the recruiting poster is addressed to Irishmen, and that the West Briton does not recognise himself under that name? But in that case, the reference to Palm and Pine should reach his heart.

The West Britons of other places have gone to shed their blood for King George and civilisation, but the West Britons of this town form, it must be confessed, a small black mark upon the One Bright Spot.

F. W.

PRIVATE PAT McGINTY, V.C.

"McGinty is a queer one, Fitz!"

"How do you make that out, Mac?"

"I see by the papers that at a recent Recruiting Meeting a woman offered herself to anybody who would join the British Army, and McGinty added a rider to the effect that if the Irishmen present would not come forward for the love of 'dear old England,' they at least could not refuse to answer the call of such a charming woman, as the beauty who so gallantly and modestly, and above all, so womanly, came to show them the high esteem in which she placed the 'boys in khaki.' He further stated that if there was not a man plucky enough to join for such an attraction, he would marry her himself when his second wife died!"

"Were there many applicants for the job, Mac?"

"Nobody, I am glad to say, thought of depriving the gallant McGinty of the pleasure in store for him when his second wife died! But is it not going a little bit too far backwards in the interests of Civilisation and Christianity to bargain in flesh and blood in this fashion?"

"I believe this is part of the new Religion preached by Bottomley and his crew! We must sacrifice everything, Mac, in order to capture German Trade—for England. Men and women are useless unless they pander to John Bull's greed for World Power!"

"Things are certainly coming to a pretty pass, Fitz. The woman at the recruiting meeting who wanted to persuade Irishmen that she would love them if they only went out to Flanders or Gallipoli (on their honeymoon!) and commit suicide to save the Empire—is the image of Dame Britannia!"

Quite right, Mac. England loves Ireland as a cat loves a mouse—as a murderer loves his victim! You may make up your mind on that point—nothing short of the extermination of the Irish people, or the downfall of the British Empire will change England's attitude towards Ireland."

"I believe you, Fitz. But you are endangering the Realm Defence Act. At the recruiting meeting in question McGinty was interrupted by a lot of young men who were returning from a route march; the lights in the town were turned off by some 'crank,' and the recruiting posters were covered over by 'Irish Volunteer' recruiting bills. When the lights were out McGinty made some 'dark' hints about conscription, as a result of which his 'lights' were nearly knocked out."

"What is your opinion of conscription, Mac?"

"I wish to Heaven the British Government had enough courage to bring it out decently, Mac!"

"What's yours, Mac?"

"A Howth rifle, and a Mauser!"

"Mine's the same!"

ANOTHER WEST OF IRELAND AFFAIR.

The Leader of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad rounded badly on his chief henchman, John Dillon, the other day, when he described the Saxonia incident at Liverpool as being purely a West of Ireland affair. Dillon's Mayo blood must have boiled in suppressed rage at the innuendo thus cast upon his constituents, whose angry suspicions he has never found it easy to assuage. We may take it for granted that the West of Ireland, and Mayo in particular, has now passed out of Dillon's control for ever. Mayo has hit back—without even waiting for directions from Mr. Dillon as to the most "politic" means of doing it either.

Last week Lieutenant Mike O'Leary, V.C., turned up rather unexpectedly at Ballaghderreen, on recruiting duty. Taking the mild version of the affair published in the "Nationalist" Press, we learn that O'Leary was "badly groaned by some Irish Volunteers returning from a route march, this hostile outburst being accompanied by a regular fusillade of revolver shots." It is not necessary to believe that Irish Volunteers were concerned in this incident, and it seems more likely that the report is of a piece with the other felon setting procedure, which absorbs so large a proportion of the activities of the "Nationalist" Press in these days. But it is evident that Nationalist feeling in Ballaghderreen is openly hostile to the British Army, of which O'Leary V.C. was selected as the nearest available type. It is just possible that some of the young men responsible for this outburst had lately visited Liverpool and obtained a fleeting glimpse of the

Cunard liner Saxonia over the heads of a mob of English patriots. It is equally possible that they took back to Ballaghderreen certain well-defined convictions as to the utility of sacrificing their bodies to save the skins of these public-spirited Liverpool gentry. Alternately, if none of these Ballaghderreen lads were personally concerned in the Saxonia business some of their friends may have been, and an interchange of views might have taken place on the matter.

The facts are there, and this is the only conclusion that can be faithfully read into them. The West is awake with a vengeance. The Liverpool insult has been avenged.

PAGES FROM THE PAST.

William Smith O'Brien was tried on October 9th, 1848, and sentenced to death. When asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, the patriotic '48 man said:—

"My Lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which in my opinion it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide by the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence."

TO CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.

All communications, etc., for "Honesty" should be addressed to the publisher at the address given on front page. From the circumstance that both "The Spark" and "Honesty" are issued from the same printing firm, some correspondents and newsagents have apparently confused the two publications, which are, however, wholly unconnected, and are issued by different publishers.

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